

(1)

A CONGRATULARY

POEM,

ON HIS

MAJESTIES

Happy Return.

8. Sept. 1690.

*Phosphore redde diem, quid Gaudia nostra moraris
Cesare Venturo? Phosphore redde diem.*



WELCOME Thou Mightiest of the War-like Race,
Whose nimble Conquests time wants speed to Trace,
Nor with thy Swifter Glory's Fame keep Pace.
The Third Historian, while he do's persue,
Thy Victories, is overwhelm'd with new!

Thy Conduct, even our Hopes do's Antedate,
It Works as Silent, and as Sure as Fate.
Let now the Gallick Tyrant Beast no more
A Stolen Bravado on the British Shoar,
While He a Village burnt, Thou did'st a Realm restore.
In joyful Chorus let the Muses join
To Sing thy Tryumph on the Wondring Boyne :
Tell how the frighted Shannon Sunk her Flood
To be recruited soon with streams of Blood.
Grieve not to leave the Stubborn Town behind,
Your Arms no where can long Resistance find,
And this Coy Mistrefs will at last be kind.

The

(2)

The Season but prevented your Alarms,
 To bring her by consent into your Arms.
 Mean while let Fame thy Wondrous Deeds Repeat,
 And shake the *Gallick* Tyrant on his Seat.
 Where like some Dire Magician, in his Cell,
 He sit's contriving some new Impious Spell,
 Which he sends forth his Dæmons to Perform,
 Well knowing how to raise, but dares not meet the Storm.
 Like wretched *Nero*, now he do's appear,
 Opprest with *Nero's* Guilt, and *Nero's* Fear.
 The Time comes on, when *Britain* shall Advance
 With Courage, taught long since, to Conquer *France*.
 Nor has the Tide of many Reuling Years,
 Wash'd the stain'd Fields of *Goffey* and *Poitiers*.
 A Conscious Horrour strikes their Bosoms Still,
 When they survey that Famous Fatal Hill,
 Where our Third *Edward's* Host Spectators stood,
 And left the Prince to make the Conquest good.
 Where will they Skulk when they the Banners view,
 Of a Third *Edward*, and a Black Prince too.
WILLIAM alone in Honours List shall Stand,
 And *Lewis* shall no longer be *le Grand*.
 Fame shall no longer *Cæsar's* Deeds Repeat,
 Nor *Alexander* more be stil'd the Great,
WILLIAM the Third shall hold alone that Glorious Epithete.
 Then shall the *British*, and the *Belgick* Fleet,
 No Rival in their common Mistress Meet,
 But uncontroul'd in *WILLIAM's* Service Roam,
 Dreaded Abroad, because belov'd at Home.
 Who only Arms to make our Dangers Cease,
 His Wars are Glorious, for his End is Peace.

F I N I S.

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